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THE LATE AND EARLY CLUB

(THE NIGHT BIRDS.)

SUNG WITH TERRIFIC SUCCESS BY

MISS EUNICE VANCE

MARCH SONG & CHORUS. 4

We're all night birds, Keeping the neighbors alive,
Keeping the neighbors alive, Toddling home about five,
We're all night birds, shoulders we gaily rub,
Full of noise, we're the go-ahead boys,
Of the late and early club.

WORDS BY J. P. HARRINGTON.

MUSIC BY GEO. E. BRUNN.

HOWARD, FARWELL & CO.,
20-22 & 24 West Fifth Street,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Anything and Everything Musical.

NEW YORK.
PUBLISHED BY M. WITMARK & SONS, 51 West 28th Street.

(28)

166.

THE LATE AND EARLY CLUB.

THE NIGHT BIRDS.

Words by J.P. Harrington

Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

Tempo di Marcia.

ff

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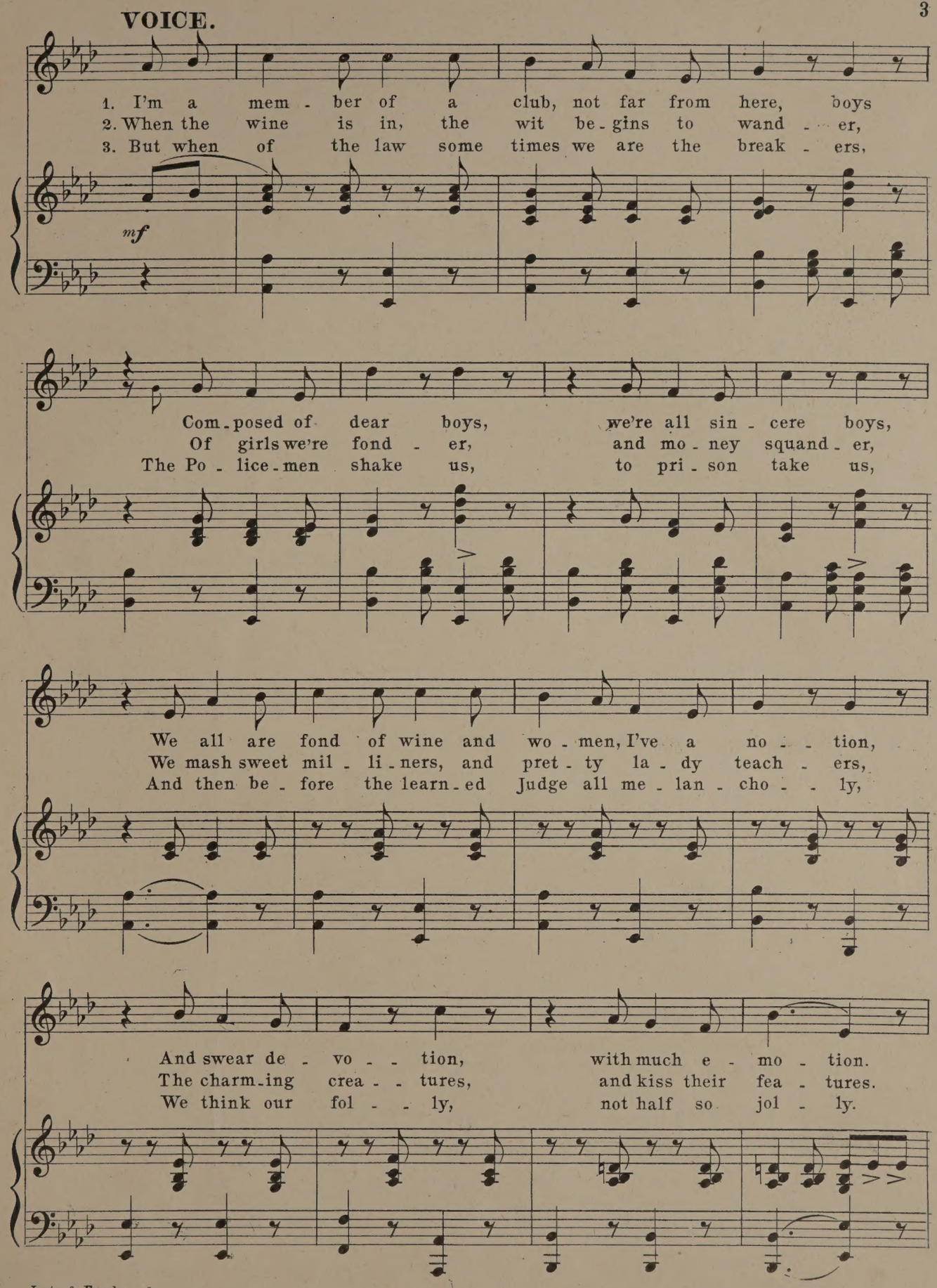
Entered at Stationers Hall.

A SONG THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER
Back Among the Old Folks Once Again.
DAVE REED JR. Author. J.W. WHEELER Composer.


VOICE.
1. I'm a mem - ber of a club, not far from here, boys
2. When the wine is in, the wit be - gins to wand - er,
3. But when of the law some times we are the break - ers,
mf
Com - posed of dear boys, we're all sin - cere boys,
Of girls we're fond - er, and mo - ney squand - er,
The Po - lice - men shake us, to pri - son take us,
We all are fond of wine and wo - men, I've a no - - tion,
We mash sweet mil - li - ners, and pret - ty la - dy teach - ers,
And then be - fore the learn - ed Judge all me - lan - cho - - ly,
And swear de - vo - - tion, with much e - mo - tion.
The charm - ing crea - - tures, and kiss their fea - tures.
We think our fol - - ly, not half so jol - ly.

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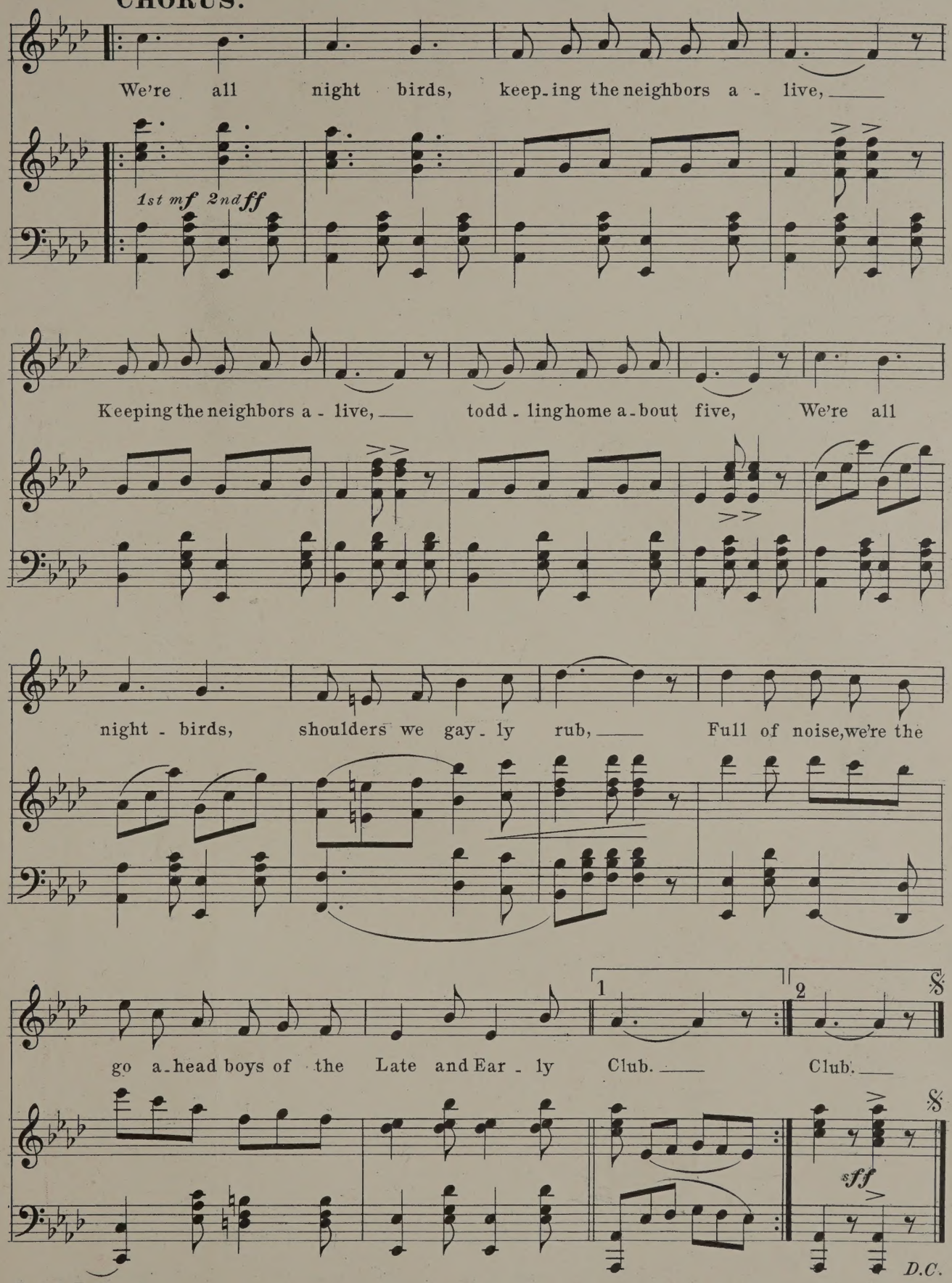
The wine cup gleams with glo - ri - ous wine that is bright as maid - en's
But when we're right full, up to the brim and the wine has turned each
He says you've been such mer - ry young dudes with your jo - vial song and

eyes, As our voi - ces gay - ly rise, and we toast the ones we
head, In - to fligh - ty freaks we're led, and the town is paint - ed
shout, Knocked the Of - fi - cers a - bout, turned the whole place in - side

prize. Till morn comes mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, we take fresh sup -
red. We don't care that for the force, or their high and might - y
out. You'll all look well in the Tombs, there is not the slight - est

plies, As we gay - ly laugh "Ha - Ha!" Ev'- ry one knows who we are.
tread, As we're kind - er thick you know, When we raz - zle daz - zle go.
doubt, And then with man - ly pride, Can tell your friends in - side.

CHORUS.


We're all night birds, keep-ing the neighbors a - live,
1st mf 2nd ff
Keeping the neighbors a - live, todd - ling home a - bout five, We're all
night - birds, shoulders we gay - ly rub, Full of noise, we're the
go a - head boys of the Late and Ear - ly Club. Club.
1
2
sff
D.C.

170.

The "New" Gaiety Dance

(Pas de Gaieté)

as

Composed for the

Pianoforte

by

Augustus A. Durandeau.

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Published by

New York.
M. Witmark & Sons, 51 West 28th St
London - Chas. Sheard & Co.